1701

THE

# Jacobites Exultation

Upon their conceiv'd hopes of the

## Preſent PLOT.

I.

NOW, now the Stubborn *Whigs* may Rot,
Their Cauſe is quite undone,
We have at laſt contriv'd a *Plot*,
Exceeding Forty One.
We'll make the Bigots all believe,
If they would happy be,
They muſt *Mack-Ninny*'s Right retrive;
Then high Boys up go we.

II.

From Pulpit tall our Prieſt ſhall bawl,
What wonders have been done,
How Whigs the Father did Enthral,
And how they ſerv'd the Son.
For though the giddy Vulgar Rout,
No difference can ſee,
We'll impudently face it out;
Then high Boys up go we.

III.

Though we our Duty have forgot,
To teſtifie our Zeal,
We'll ſwear King *Will.* into Plot,
Againſt the Commonweal.
The Dutch and He do both combine,
That way to ſet us free,
But we'll reſtore the *Scottiſh* Line;
Then high Boys up go we.

IV.

No coſt and labour we'll refuſe,
For Valiant *Jemmy*'s Right,
We'll Flatter, Lie, Collogue, Accuſe,
And any thing but Fight.
We'll ſwear Diſſenters hate the King,
And Engliſh Monarchy,
Though to the Throne they did him bring;
Then high Boys up go we.

V.

Our Matters ſo we'll bring about,
They ſhall no more complain,
And as we lately *Preach'd* him out,
We'll *Pray* him in again.
We'll make our Pulpit ring aloud
Of Truth and Loyalty,
With this Device we'll ſhame the Crowd;
Then high Boys up go we.

VI.

Our Prayers and Tears we all do know
With *Orange* did prevail,
To cut the Oceans ſtormy Brow,
With twice three hundred Sail.
And as they ſerv'd to bring him o're,
To ſet the Nation free,
So they'l bring *James* to his old Shore;
And high Boys up go we.

VII.

Our Holy Primate in his Den,
Lies cloſe as Mouſe in Cheeſe,
To each Petition cries *Amen*,
For ſuch good Days as theſe.
When rambling *Jeams* again ſhall come,
What wonder will it be,
That he who's pawn'd his Soul to *Rome*
Should ſet God's People free.

VIII.

Thus do the Holy Brotherhood,
Their Villanies maintain,
To Treaſon Invocate the God
They every Day prophane.
Then ſince they're grown ſo vile and lewd,
And there's no hopes they'll mend,
The *Deel* himſelf take all the Brood,
Henceforth World without end.

*FINIS*